NATIONAL REVIEW

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January 26, 1957

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

Neutralization: What Next?

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

Letter from Formosa

FREDA UTLEY

Memoirs of a Customer's Man

ANTHONY WHITTIER

Articles and Reviews by ..... E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

JAMES BURNHAM · WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR. · SAM M. JONES

FRANK S. MEYER · ROBERT PHELPS · REVILO OLIVER

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The WEEK

● The government of Hungary has announced that any worker who fails to obey, or is sluggish in obeying, any order issued by the Ministry of Labor, will be tried by summary court and sentenced to death. As a well-known American tycoon said of the Soviet Union on returning from a trip in 1946—"Terrific country! No labor troubles!"

● Rep. Alvin O'Konski has stated that he may resign his seat in protest, if Tito shows up in Washington. Senator William E. Jenner has issued a strong condemnation of the proposed visit. The House Democratic leader, Rep. John W. McCormack, has warned the President that his entire foreign policy program will be in trouble if Tito is invited to Washington. Such an invitation, Mr. McCormack said, "would be resented by the American people, *and properly so*."

● U.S. foreign policy has finally succeeded in overthrowing a government! Sir Anthony Eden is through. But in his stead we have another Eden—if anything, more accomplished and more determined than the one we got rid of—at the head of a cabinet from which the major Suez recalcitrants have been eliminated! Which, of course, is just as NATIONAL REVIEW would have wished it.

● Among the innumerable persons invited to attend the inauguration ceremonies in Washington "in appreciation of [their] efforts in the campaign to reelect President Dwight D. Eisenhower and Vice President Richard M. Nixon," was the Honorable Estes Kefauver, Senator from Tennessee. In accepting the invitation, Senator Kefauver wrote: "I am glad to know my efforts did not go unnoted or unappreciated by the inaugural committee. As you may know, I campaigned in 38 states and President Eisenhower and Vice President Nixon failed to carry only one of them." Question: which one? Hint: not Tennessee.

● Robert J. Donovan, the President's favorite newspaper reporter who was given access to the secret White House records in writing his book, *Eisenhower: The Inside Story*, states in an article just published by the *Saturday Evening Post* that in his second term Mr. Eisenhower "will be less inhibited by the views of Old Guard factions in the Republican Party." He goes on to make clear what this means: "Mr. Eisen-

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hower has long been troubled by doubts about the wisdom of endless nonrecognition of Red China. Time and again, he has sat at his desk and insisted that it is short-sighted to look at only one side of this question . . . Times change, the President argues . . . The possibility of a material change in relations between Red China and the United States will lurk in the background of the second term."

● Cyrus S. Eaton, the prominent Ohio financier, has joined the group of businessmen, headed heretofore by Ernest T. Weir of National Steel Company, that has been trying to induce the United States to commit suicide by swallowing a full dose of appeasement. In an article published by the Cleveland *News*, Mr. Eaton repeated many of the stale fantasies that have been peddled for thirty-five years by the polite variety of Communist fronts. He waxed indignant at American "propagandists" who "stir up hatred against Russia and China" and urged us all "to serve our own interests, as well as all mankind, by seeking a compromise with Russia and recognizing China."

● Actors Equity has informed the producer of *My Fair Lady*, Mr. Herman Levin, that he may not engage Mr. Edward Mulhare to replace Rex Harrison during the month of February, when Mr. Harrison plans to vacation; the reason being that Edward Mulhare, an Irishman, is not a member of Actors Equity. Mr. Levin has reacted by stating that he plans to hire Mulhare anyway, and if Actors Equity closes down the show, he will sue Actors Equity from here to kingdom come for lost receipts. But it is clearly not the business of a producer whom he shall hire in the leading role of a theatrical production. Such matters are best left to unions, where, with reference to such factors as seniority, length of union membership, regularity of dues, contributions made to union projects, the deserving artist is most effectively and and democratically selected. These things are lost on scabs like Herman Levin—a Kohler-type if ever we saw one.

● *Want to know what really lies behind Senator Knowland's decision to "retire"? (The Alsops, Doris Fleeson, Roscoe Drummond, Drew Pearson, Max Lerner, every one of them with a different explanation, is every one of them wrong.) We have it from unimpeachable sources . . . Yes, Senator Knowland is tired of acting as Senator from, and, therefore, will, in 1958, run for President of, Formosa. Upon election, he will plan for and launch an amphibious military operation, aimed at the mainland—of China? That's what you're* supposed *to think! Halfway across the straits of Formosa, he will issue orders to the fleet to turn stealthily around, and head—East! . . . and in due course, undaunted by the Oriental Exclusion Act, will land in California, singing, "San Flancisco, Hele I Come!" He will proceed eastward and, at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, will accept the sword of President Nixon, thus finally prevailing over his old rival. Whereupon the United Nations will recognize the government of Formosa as the rightful government of the United States. Thus will Senator Knowland have guaranteed that the Kuomintang government shall have permanent representation in the United Nations.*

● We shall miss Humphrey Bogart, an honest actor we know and, for aught we know, an honest man, who made the honest mistake of supposing that personal freedom derives from the absence of personal discipline—from walking in and out of mar-

For the Record

The Senate Internal Security Subcommittee has been interrogating a witness who was a member of a Communist apparatus that reached into the White House. . . . Bryton Barron's exposé of the State Department (*Inside the State Department*), though praised by Clarence Manion, Fulton Lewis, John T. Flynn, and a few others, remains largely ignored by the metropolitan press. It is available for $3.00 from The Bookmailer (see ad., p. 93). Chapters from it first appeared in NATIONAL REVIEW. . . . Earl Attlee, on his two-week visit here, repeatedly advocated internationalization of the Panama Canal and U.S. recognition of Red China. . . . The Federal Bar Association has formally recommended easing the provision of the so-called Hiss Act under which any federal employee convicted of a felony is automatically stripped of his retirement benefits. . . . The CIO Textile Workers Union announces it will quit setting up industry-wide wage and benefit patterns and negotiate contracts on an individual company basis instead. In reversing the current trend, textile union officials admit they found conditions in the textile and worsted industries too disparate to warrant efficient industry-wide contracts. . . . The Agriculture Department estimates that a widely discussed proposed food-stamp plan (to reduce food surpluses by channeling them to the needy) could cost the government as much as $2.5 billion a year. The Department has not come out for or against the plan. . . . The Navy, which at one time produced two million gallons of paint a year, reports that it has sold its paint plants in response to a recommendation of the Hoover Commission. . . . The Wharton School of Finance and Commerce, a division of the University of Pennsylvania and a citadel of private enterprise, has invited as principal speaker for its 75th Anniversary celebration the British Socialist *Fuehrer*, Hugh Gaitskell.

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riages, upsetting tables in night clubs, uttering obscenities in crowded elevators, maintaining an iconoclastic hostility toward his environment and his society. There was an uncorrupted and uncultivated strain of innocence and pathos in Humphrey Bogart's theatrical nonconformity, which prompted him to speak frankly about his sickness, commenting that the cancer that was ravishing him was a disease far more mentionable than other diseases he might well have been suffering from; and to deplore the melancholy world—"always about three drinks behind" —in which he lived; and died.

● Drawing his own conclusions from Washington's punishment of Britain and its support of Nasser, the Imam Ahmed, ruler of the primitive desert state of Yemen (where a thief is punished by having his hand cut off), has been sending his marauding tribesmen over the vaguely drawn boundaries to harass the neighboring British Protectorate of Aden. Yemen, allied with Nasser and recent recipient of Czech arms, is after acreage under which the Imam believes oil may lie, and would presumably like to take over the great refinery and port of Aden—to which it has no shadow of juridical or historical claim. For British effrontery in resisting these latest raids, the Yemen delegate to the UN is calling for UN condemnation of Britain as an aggressor. Judging by the precedents of past months, he has every right to expect full American backing.

● Moves have been made in the West German Federal Parliament looking toward restoration of the Volkswagen auto works, now nominally administered by the State government of Lower Saxony, to private ownership. At the present moment the Volkswagen company—a $250 million concern, the fourth largest motor vehicle producer in the world—is something of a marvel. The company belongs to nobody, not even the State (the Saxon government merely holds it in trust for an undefined owner). With its feet firmly planted in midair, the Volkswagen works management has gone ahead on an "as if" private basis, sequestering the profits and plowing them back into added capacity for making more and more of the sturdy little cars. We hope the Bonn government carries through with its proposed "reprivatization" of a company that has gallantly refused to become bureaucratized during the ten years it has spent in a legal limbo that nobody has ever been quite able to define.

● Some of the ablest strategists in Washington believe that the Administration's Mideast plans, focused on the Arabs, are neglecting the Mideastern nation that has proved itself both militarily the strongest and politically the most anti-Communist, namely: Turkey. A group of Pentagon officers is pushing a proposal to station American troops in Turkey and contends that, from a political as well as a military standpoint, this step would be the one serious deterrent to continuing Soviet penetration in the area.

● We cannot, as the rhyme-writer reminds us, hope for a world made up of apple pie, with all the seas of ink. Is it, by the same token, too optimistic to hope for a world in which all the great minds of Liberalism will publish their effusions in a single newspaper? The thought would not down when we learned that Eleanor Roosevelt was moving her column from the *New York World Telegram and Sun* to the *New York Post*: Suppose it were the beginning of a *trend*, so that soon they will all be at the *Post!* Just think of the advantage of being able to reduce our subsidy to the Liberal press to a nickel a day!

Mr. Dulles Caves In

John Foster Dulles' performance before the House Committee on Foreign Affairs is a national embarrassment. In the three weeks that have gone by since the President enunciated the Dulles "plan" for the Mideast it has become humiliatingly clear that the Eisenhower Doctrine is nothing more than a visceral response to complex developments, by a bankrupt strategist. The testimony has shown that Mr. Dulles is *not* prepared to take effective action against internal subversion in the Mideast by the Communists, has *no* idea how to solve the outstanding antagonism between the Arabs and Jews, does *not* know how to curb Nasser or prevent him from trafficking with the Communists as he has done in the past, or exerting arbitrary control over the Suez Canal as he has done in the past; does *not* know how to get the oil to flow once again through the pipelines: does *not,* indeed, know what he is doing.

Now, as question after searching question is asked him, it becomes clear that Foster Dulles is fighting for his life. That is what it amounts to; for if the Congress refuses to pass the resolution for which Mr. Dulles and the President are pressing, Dulles is through: thus has he set up the odds.

Perhaps the recognition of that is the cause of his anguished writhings. Having told us a dozen weeks ago that all was going smoothly in the Mideast, now, a dozen crises later, sweat on his face, he tells the Congress he must have his way—or an atomic war, no less, is in store for us.

Mr. Dulles is a man of many virtues, who has rendered service to his God and his country. But he should step down, now, for the sake of God and country.

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An Unavoidable Challenge

One of the decisive social battles of our epoch is now being joined. Up to the present, atomic development has been primarily for military purposes and, necessarily, under military and governmental control. From this point on the use of nuclear processes will more and more shift to the production of energy for a great variety of other civilian functions (medicine, food preservation, industrial treatment and testing, etc.).

The issue is simple enough. Are these nuclear processes, which will in time accomplish an unparalleled technological revolution, to be shaped by competitive and creative enterprise, or by the deadening hands of the State? Is civilian atomic development to be carried out by business or by government?

Because government has had a monopoly in the first stage, the statists have a self-evident head start. They are running hard. Last year the Gore bill for government development just failed of congressional passage. The American Public Power Association has launched an all-out campaign for a new measure along similar lines.

By good fortune, Admiral Lewis Strauss, present Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, is a friend to freedom. He has firmly resisted the statist pressures, and it was his testimony that swung congressional opinion against the Gore bill. But alone he cannot hold out forever. On January 7 Admiral Strauss issued a statement that was a plea and a challenge to private industry. In effect he was saying: the development of civilian atomic energy has got to go faster; if private industry doesn't prove—and immediately—that it will proceed at a quickened pace on a broad front, then it will be impossible to block much longer the plans of the statists to take over. The Atomic Energy Commission, he offered as he has done before, is ready to make available to private industry the special information, materials and research assistance that at this stage are indispensable.

There are of course already under construction or commitment a number of private atomic projects. The principal reason why there are not considerably more is the cost factor. With cheap alternate sources of energy easily available in the United States, the costs of atomic energy utilization by *present* methods are probably not competitive.

But it is certain that before long these costs will be reduced, and will some day drop below the costs of the alternate methods. It is economically unjustifiable—either for business *or* for government—to saddle society with a non-competitive cost. But private industry cannot properly ask that the government should assume all the costs of the early development of a new process, and then and only then, just when the rich cream is ready for ladling, turn it over to business. Private enterprise, if it is sturdy and self-confident, has got to be ready to shoulder the temporary losses of development; and should be eager to do so in a field so colossal in economic as well as physical potential.

Thou Shalt Not Get Away With It

The school board of the New Hyde Park Public School in Long Island decided a few months ago to exhibit in school halls poster displays of the Ten Commandments.

Now one would think that such a decision would be about as controversial as liking Ike. One would be wrong. The school board, we are told, has violated the Constitution of the United States of America.

Here is how it goes: If a public school exhibits a copy of the Ten Commandments, it implies an approval of the Ten Commandments. The Ten Commandments have a religious significance. They have, to be sure, pretty much the same religious significance for Catholics, Protestants and Jews. But they have no religious significance for Moslems, or Zoroastrians. And they have no religious significance for those for whom nothing has religious significance. Now, the First Amendment to the Constitution declares that Congress shall "make no law respecting an establish-

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ment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." If a public school board posts the Ten Commandments, then the State is engaged, in a manner of speaking, in the establishment of religion. Such activity, it follows, must be forbidden as unconstitutional.

As a matter of logic, the reasoning is phoney. As a matter of history, the contention that those who drafted and passed the First Amendment would have ruled against displaying the Ten Commandments in the New Hyde Park School is mockery. But such is the effrontery of those whose aim it is to extirpate spirituality from American life that no argument is so ridiculous, no position so absurd, as to deter or embarrass them. Thus in New Orleans a few years ago a group of adults brought suit against the city for erecting a statue to Mother Cabrini—a violation of the First Amendment, they argued. Thus a clamor is raised, year after year, against singing Christmas carols—on the same grounds.

Instead of dismissing their complaints as sophistical drivel, the courts have given aid and comfort to the secularist fanatics. They are treated as though they had rational grounds for fearing that the State is in the process of establishing a State Church—something which not a single religious sect in America espouses. Perhaps the time has come not to clarify the Amendment, for it is already clear, but to modify it in whatever way is necessary once and for all to establish that the State need not profess indifference to religion of any kind in order to observe the First Amendment. Such a modification, we predict, would be ratified in record time. That, we guess, is why the secularists who wish to frustrate the common desires of the overwhelming majority of the members of the American community, never suggest subjecting their position to that test.

Delightful and Damaging

To Judge Jerome Frank of the U.S. Second Circuit Court of Appeals, who died recently in New Haven, Conn., of a heart attack, new ideas had an irresistible and glittering fascination. Good, bad and indifferent, he fell for them all. A brilliant and inquisitive scholar, he wrote provocative books on American foreign policy, on fate and freedom, and on the psychological aspects of the law. He had style, ebullience, enthusiasm and a marvelous generosity. As chairman of the SEC in Roosevelt's second term he administered one of the extremely few worthwhile New Deal reforms with fairness and dispatch. His students at the Yale Law School loved him—and even his most implacable intellectual foes enjoyed arguing with him. There was never anything mean or churlish about Jerome Frank.

Unfortunately for the integrity of the law, however, Jerome Frank was, at heart, an adherent of the theory that law is either mere majority convention or "what the courts will do." Like Oliver Wendell Holmes, he took a serious enough view of his own judicial responsibility to established principles. But his legal philosophy was another matter. Here he was a relativist. The damage done to the American political system by the so-called "legal realists" cannot be saddled on any single individual, for a whole generation of cynics added bit by bit to the ramifications of the doctrine that a judge's pancreatic juices had more to do than ideal or natural justice with the creation of viable legal precedent. No doubt the state of a judge's pancreas is important, but the modern emphasis on law as "psychology" has contributed subtle distortions that have impeded the quest for justice both in the courts and in society at large. To the dissemination of the "psychological" idea of the law Judge Frank contributed his own damaging bit.

Dr. Gunnar Twistmaul

(*With Acknowledgments to John Kreuttner*)

Dr. Gunnar Myrdal is the Swedish economist who took time off to become the world's greatest authority on the American Negro, and if you don't believe it ask the Supreme Court, which ruled segregation unconstitutional because Dr. Myrdal says that segregation does unconstitutional things to the Negro psyche. As we were saying, Dr. Gunnar Myrdal is the Swedish economist who once served as Sweden's Minister of Trade, in which capacity he rushed to conclude a trade agreement with the Soviet Union so favorable to the Soviet Union that it caused a political crisis that ended up transporting Dr. Myrdal out of Swedish politics but, alas, into world—or, rather one world—politics. He sits today as executive secretary of the United Nations' Economic Commission for Europe, whence he passes on matters of economics and morality.

Which is what got Dr. Myrdal to passing judgment on American foreign aid which, he has ruled, is in its present shape, bad economically and bad morally. It is bad economically because, having dispensed that foreign aid, we proceed to do business, nationally and internationally, according to the rules of free enterprise, which rules, as any socialist will tell you, add up to poor economics. Under the circumstances, our foreign aid is nothing more than an economic "palliative."

It is immoral because the United States picks and chooses the countries to which it will send aid, and, as everybody knows, "when international aid be-

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comes unilateral and politics thus enters into the distribution of it, both moral and economic standards are apt to crumble." Thus it becomes plain that "'generous' America often turns out to be niggardly selfish in its regular commercial and financial policies and practices."

The solution? Give money to the United Nations, and let the United Nations dispense it as it sees fit.

Listening, spellbound, while Dr. Myrdal spoke (at a seminar on "Welfare Democracy") were three stout-hearted American intellectuals: Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Adolf Berle, and Milton Katz. ("None of these patriots," the *Chicago Tribune* noted, "opened his mouth to defend his country or rebuke this Swedish carpet-bagger.") No doubt they will figure out a way of persuading the Supreme Court that foreign aid, except via the United Nations, is unconstitutional.

The Denouement

Mrs. Mary Knowles told members of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee in 1955 that she had no intention of answering their questions about her activities and associations while she served as secretary of the Communist-run Samuel Adams School in Boston; that that was none of their business; and if they thought differently about it, all they had to do was look up the First Amendment. Last week Judge Ross Rizley of the Federal District Court ruled in effect that the Senate subcommittee knows considerably more about the First Amendment than does Mrs. Knowles who, for her pains, will this week be sentenced, probably to spend several months in prison and pay a fine of $1,000.

The last may not be a hardship. Mrs. Knowles has affluent supporters who share her view of the meaning of the Amendment. After she refused to cooperate with the Committee, the Fund for the Republic rewarded her employers, the Plymouth Meeting Library, with $5,000, for keeping her on instead of firing her. Will the Fund pay her fine? Or will it merely subsidize a volume establishing the benightedness of Judge Rizley, or his victimization by McCarthyism?

We are deluged by requests to answer our riddle of a fortnight ago—"Which of the statements below was written by Mrs. Roosevelt?" The answer: No. 4 that we know of; Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 5 may have, and most probably have, appeared under her byline in times past.

Last week's issue found us calling on Mr. Alfred Knopf to make an "opposite gesture." We wrote, of course, "apposite," and apologize for the typo.

F. A. Voigt

By his varied talents, his superb intelligence, and his immense fund of knowledge, F. A. Voigt was the peer of the most brilliant of his contemporaries. But among the brilliant he was distinguished by qualities still more rare and more precious: by a courage that never wavered, a resolute adherence to principle, a firmness in the right that marked him, in the fine old sense, a man of character. He was an exact and scrupulous scholar, a gentleman of unfailing honor and decency, a devout Christian. Untouched either by vulgar chauvinism or by our century's vapid, modish internationalism, he was a loyal citizen of his country, a patriot.

Voigt's career as a writer began with the *Manchester Guardian*. From 1922-32 he was the *Guardian's* correspondent in Berlin, and thereafter diplomatic editor in the home office. He was one of the first Western observers to realize the evil and the dangers of Nazism, as he saw almost from the start the evil and dangers of Communism. During the war and for several years thereafter he edited the *Nineteenth Century and After*, which became under his guidance one of the world's leading reviews of contemporary affairs.

Though he gave untiring support to his country's struggle for survival against the Nazi army, he refused as editor to hide what he knew to be the truth about the Soviet pseudo-ally and its plans for the future. For this affront to the reigning hypocrisy he was bitterly assailed by the opportunists and the hidden Soviet sympathizers. Voigt stood his ground and fought stoutly back. To make public witness of the truth he brought a successful suit for libel against the *London News Chronicle* and the same Cedric Belfrage who was to be exposed a few years later, after he had shifted operations to the United States, as a Communist propagandist.

During the course of his journalistic career, Voigt managed also to write a number of books of much more than journalistic substance; among them, *Pax Britannica, Unto Caesar, The Greek Sedition.*

F. A. Voigt was London editor of NATIONAL REVIEW from its start, and our readers know the clarity, discernment and verbal felicity of the frequent contributions from him that we have been fortunate and honored to publish.

That NATIONAL REVIEW should have lost an irreplaceable collaborator is a minor incident. It is a public as well as a personal tragedy that by F. A. Voigt's death the West has lost what it cannot spare: a voice that knew and told the truth.

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Letter from Formosa

FREDA UTLEY

A Going Concern

Shortly after my arrival an American businessman, whom I met at the Friends of China Club, told me that he had flown over to find out what's going on here, after his New York office had surprisingly received substantial orders for machinery from Formosa. "I had thought," he said, "that Formosa was just a semi-tropical island consisting of rice paddies and mountain scenery, harboring the Chinese National Government and its army supported by American subsidies." Instead he had discovered that the seat of the Chinese government-in-exile is a going concern with fields, farms and factories producing most of the necessaries of modern living.

Of the $500 million of U.S. economic aid received since 1950, about $170 million, plus equivalent or greater sums supplied by the Chinese government, has been spent on industrial reconstruction and development. There has also been considerable private investment. The Chinese, as always, have shown remarkable ingenuity in reconstructing old machinery and in making copies of foreign machines in their own workshops when unable to secure the foreign exchange to import them. In the opinion of such experts as Val de Beausset of the G. White Engineering Company (who has himself played a great part in the industrial development of Formosa since he got here from the mainland in 1949), the Free Chinese could show other Asiatic nations with a similar paucity of capital resources how to construct small, low-cost factories with simple machinery not requiring highly developed technical skills.

Today the Chinese on Formosa plan to export soap, toothpaste, toiletries and electric fans, besides the sugar which supplies the greater part of their foreign exchange, and the canned pineapple which has begun to appear on the world market. Soon they may be able to export the printed cottons, grass linens and silks they are producing in quantities more than sufficient for home consumption.

Modern Industries

Down South in Kaoshiung, I visited Formosa's largest and most modern plants, some of which are entirely new and others reconstructed and expanded factories started by the Japanese but largely destroyed by bombing during the war or greatly depreciated by 1945. Here is a huge oil refinery with its 16,000 workers; a new aluminum plant; the vastly expanded Ewo Iron Works, owned by a native Taiwanese who had started with a small machinery repair shop under the Japanese, but whose enterprise is now turning out 70 tons of steel bars a day, produced mainly from scrap.

I visited the chemical plant of the Taiwan Alkali Company—also privately owned—whose production of ammonium sulphate, together with that of other Formosan chemical factories, is reducing Free China's dependence on American imports, which have absorbed a third—$30 million worth—of United States economic aid. Today Formosa's ten million people are producing more chemical fertilizer than India's four hundred million. And though Formosa's production is, of course, smaller than Japan's, its plants are said to be more modern.

The Taiwan Alkali Company's recently constructed hydrochloric acid plant produces bleaching powder and other chemicals, including calcium hypochloride which is the best known disinfectant against cholera epidemics, and is manufactured only in one or two other places in the world.

In the river at Kaoshiung I saw logs of Philippine mahogany, imported to make plywood. Plastics are beginning to be manufactured from polyvinyl chloride. Here or elsewhere in Formosa small and medium sized factories are making sewing machines, spinning and weaving machinery, paper, shoes, window glass, electric fans and other electric appliances, boilers and lathes, drill presses, pumps and small motors, Diesel engines, electric furnaces, cast iron pipe, and even prefabricated houses.

Improved Living Standards

"Old China Hands" who visit Formosa are astonished at the contrast with the bitter poverty and want which were, and evidently still are, prevalent on the Chinese mainland. In place of the miserable, half-starved and ragged rickshaw pullers who, in Shanghai and other mainland cities, used to compete to earn a few cents as human horses, there are here on Formosa decently clothed, and even shod, pedicab drivers who are obviously not undernourished, and who earn more than the junior officers of the Nationalist armed forces. Similarly in the factories, wages, although naturally very low by American or European standards, are adequate to feed and clothe the workers and their families. Most of the major industries work three eight-hour shifts.

Thanks to the land reform carried out by the mixed Chinese-American Rural Reconstructions Committee (JCRR), and to the Farmers Cooperatives which market the grain and supply credit and chemical fertilizers, the Taiwanese farmers would today seem to be the most prosperous in the Far East. Moreover, the farmers of Formosa produce an astonishingly large quantity of food. Two rice crops, each averaging nearly 300 kilograms a hectare, are grown on medium quality irrigated land, plus a third annual crop of vegetables or other produce.

One notes, on visiting the Formosan countryside, the evident well-being of the rural population. Bicycles are in common use. Radios and sewing machines are not infrequently in evidence in the farmhouses, many of which are newly constructed. Water buffaloes pull the ploughs and tramp the fertilizer and the stalks of harvested rice into the paddy fields in preparation for the second yearly sowing of the grain. In contrast to

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Neutralization: What Next?

Mr. Schlamm enters a sharp dissent from Mr. Burnham's call, in the last issue, for military neutralization of West Germany as the price for withdrawal of Soviet troops.

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

This seems to be the gist of Mr. Burnham's argument:

One: "Eastern Europe . . . is the main axis of the struggle for the world. If the Communist hold there is broken . . . Communism will fail in the end, no matter what temporary advances it makes among the masses of Asia and Africa."

Two: "The Soviet Union is overextended, economically, politically and militarily. It needs to shorten its lines literally as well as figuratively. . . . The Soviet Union has *already* —in late 1956—suffered a colossal defeat in Eastern Europe. To withdraw under the circumstances is only to accept the normal consequences of the defeat, particularly if at the same time the West smooths the way by offering a good sum as bonus."

Three: "Reunification of Germany; negotiation of the eastern German boundary; withdrawal of all occupation (foreign) troops from all of Central and Eastern Europe; military neutralization of the entire area. These four measures summarize the policy proposal here suggested as the most promising response that could be made by the U.S. and its allies. . . . It is not fantastic to think of the Eisenhower Administration adopting this proposal. . . ."

Here—one, two, three—is indeed an incomparable bargain: a policy that will make Communism *"fail in the end,"* and yet, a policy "which Moscow might *"not be able to reject in any case."* All one wants to learn is this: If to break the Communist hold over Eastern Europe is to break Communism; and if the proposed policy means to break the Communist hold over Eastern Europe—why on earth should Moscow accept a policy, *before* it has been compelled to do so by superior force, which guarantees the ultimate defeat of Communism?

Unless Mr. Burnham means to imply that Bolsheviks are too dumb to grasp the consequences of his sophisticated scheme (and everything my excellent colleague has written before clearly negates that possibility), the only reason for Bolsheviks to buy such a policy would be that they are smart enough to understand its terrific prospects for Bolshevik advance. Yes, the Communists can safely accept the suggested stratagem. It would give them Europe.

Questionable Premises

In the first place, I must challenge Mr. Burnham's premise. It is simply not true that "Eastern Europe . . . is the main axis of the struggle for the world." The main axis of the struggle for the world are of course the three power houses in Europe, Asia and the American Hemisphere which have, technologically and politically, shown the ability to conquer, organize and control the continents—the U.S., Japan and Germany. A policy which, just to make a bet on Eastern Europe, is willing to gamble with the fate of Germany, or Japan, or the U.S., is reckless.

Secondly, it is not true that "from 1949 to 1956 the world struggle between Soviet-based Communism and the West had been stabilized." This very magazine was founded, in 1955, because its editors and supporters were alarmed beyond complacency by the advances Soviet-based Communism had been making, in uninterrupted continuity, *since* 1949.

Thirdly, it is not true that the policy Mr. Burnham now suggests is *not* "pre-1949 vintage." It is, to the last wrinkle, the very policy Messrs. Walter Lippmann, James Warburg, Elmer Davis and the more intelligent strata of America's (and the world's) Left have advocated since 1947. Now it is perfectly possible (though not likely) that they have been right all that time. It is even possible that a policy which would have been fatally wrong up to November 1956 has become the only correct one since November 1956. What is entirely impossible is such a cavalier approach to the history of this policy: to overlook that it *is* the policy of Walter Lippmann and Elmer Davis. It *is* "pre-1949 vintage."

Having fought that policy for nine years more persuasively than most other American anti-Communists, Mr. Burnham now declares it viable for this reason: "In 1955 an unexpected and never explained move had foreshadowed what was to come late in 1956. . . . What was the Soviet motive for this abrupt shift on Austria? . . . the result of the Austrian agreement was *a Soviet retreat* . . . with the Soviet troops gone, Austria as a nation did not remain politically neutral or go toward Communism, but swung to the West." And given this tremendous Austrian precedent, suggests Mr. Burnham, we now ought to extend the bet to Germany.

The mistake here is simply that the "neutralization" of Austria was acceptable to the West precisely because Germany was *not* "neutralized": American troops moved just about as far away from Vienna as the Soviet troops—and could return in exactly the same time, from Bavaria. Which means that, for all practical purposes, the military threats, pulls and temptations in Austria have remained just about the same. For the Soviet Union, the Austrian "retreat" was a rather cheap price to pay for the most profitable respectability of "coexistence." So much for the Austrian miracle.

But what would the "neutralization"

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and demilitarization of Germany mean?

With Germany Goes Europe

There has existed, since 1946, an unmitigated consensus that Western Europe cannot be militarily defended (by Europeans, that is) without the participation of Western Germany. No conceivable alliance of West European nations, outside Germany, would have the fibre, the required industrial gear, the organizational firmness, the soldierly poise, the social coherence, to challenge an advancing Soviet steamroller.

There has also existed, since 1946, a consensus throughout the West that World War II ended with a catastrophe second only to that of a Nazi victory: The two power centers which, since 1920, had kept Soviet imperialism in check, were now destroyed. Since 1946, therefore, every competent military brain in the free world has been occupied with the one concern above all others: how to reestablish the military weight of Germany and Japan in a revived balance of power.

NATO, from the start, was not just adorned by but based on the assumption that Western Germany would supply Western Europe with the decisive military margin of power. More than ever (even after deducting the 20 million East Germans in Soviet captivity) Germany is Europe's strongest, its only strong nation outside the Soviet Empire. It contains far more than one-half of Western Europe's industrial potential. Once it is seriously rearmed, Western Germany's military prowess will far outweigh that of all non-German (and non-Russian) Europe's forces combined. Without the immediate and most active participation of Western Germany, Western Europe's military stance is a frivolous joke.

In other words, whether it is right or wrong, Mr. Burnham's newly designed strategy for Europe includes the abolition of NATO. For to retain a military establishment in the socially fissured non-German nations of Western Europe, once Western Germany has been demilitarized, is not only pointless but inconceivable. None of these nations would be willing (and quite reasonably not) to carry the economic burdens and the political risks of a military establishment once the very anchor of any European defense system against the Soviet Union has been dismantled.

And what, pray, would be the purpose (from the point of view of Europe's defense against a Soviet thrust) of a military establishment in, say, France *after* Germany has been "neutralized" and demilitarized? Just take a look at the map: France could not possibly be attacked by the Soviets unless "neutralized" Germany had been attacked (and overrun) *first*. But in this case (according to Mr. Burnham's plan) atomic world war would already have started anyhow! If (as I understand Mr. Burnham to contend) the violation of German "neutrality" by the Soviets will be the atomic *casus belli* for the U.S., what difference does it make whether two or ten divisions of *poilus* tremble somewhere in Normandy? Compared to the forces already involved, any French army would be a pathetic nonentity.

Therefore, logically, Mr. Burnham's proposition is this: Let us "neutralize" Germany and, by demilitarizing it, dissolve NATO; let us, furthermore, disarm all European nations (which, in the face of an atomic showdown between the U.S. and the Soviet Union as the only conceivable belligerent alternative, are military nonentities anyhow); and let us start ultimate atomic war, without any further notice, the moment a single Soviet soldier crosses the border into Communist Poland or Communist Hungary.

Having thus adjusted Mr. Burnham's extraordinary proposition to the requirements of reality, logic, and consistency, I should now like to analyze it.

Nothing but Atomic War

The logic of Mr. Burnham's proposed policy excludes all but atomic conflagrations between the West (or, rather, the U.S. alone) and the Soviet Union. Once Western Europe (or, rather, Germany) has been "neutralized" and disarmed, and once all U.S. forces in Europe have been withdrawn to this hemisphere, no other but atomic retaliation against any Soviet thrust is conceivable. In other words, the very first violation of the "neutrality" of Communist satellites or Germany would have to be answered, immediately, with the U.S. atomic counterattack. And thus the proposed policy is suicidal. For, of course, the West will surrender to any "minor" provocation rather than launch the atomic war.

The presumed atomic *Schrecklichkeit* of a next war is the decisive asset of all Soviet policies since 1946. Whenever the Soviets succeed in persuading the world, in any given conflict of interests, that the only alternative to the desired "compromise" would be atomic war, the Soviets have succeeded, period. To present this fundamental truth of our tragic situation in more specific terms: the strategic objective of *all* Soviet policies has become to reduce the West's military potentials other than atomic.

What may seem on first sight a paradox is, on further consideration, recognition of pure fact: Ten old-fashioned divisions, standing poised at the European border of the Soviet Empire, are a hundred times more effective an instrument of anti-Soviet strategy than a thousand H-bombs in U.S. storage. Why? Because those ten divisions would reliably respond to a physical attack. But no Soviet provocation likely to be dared by (on the whole) rational Bolsheviks could be big enough to make the U.S. *launch* an atomic war—an atomic war that, whatever else it might bring, would well-nigh destroy the United States.

Thus, behind all disguises, ruses, variations, diversions, the Soviet policy since 1946 has been unchangeably centered around one and only one objective—to get the United States' "old-fashioned" military establishments out of Europe. Let the U.S., if it pleases, suffocate in a surfeit of atomic bombs—as long as the U.S. has *only* atomic weapons to employ against a Soviet thrust! Yes, in anti-Communist truth (the cant of our hysterical atomic scientists notwithstanding), one U.S. division in Bavaria is a more reliable deterrent against a Soviet advance than a thousand H-bombs in U.S. military warehouses.

And how does this obsession with atomic consequences—this new and decisive dimension of all contemporary strategic and political planning—affect the presumable targets of

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Soviet expansion? It conditions them, clearly, to prefer surrender to defiance—if that defiance can be conceived only as atomic devastation.

In particular, Western Germany—indubitably the central goal of all Soviet strategy in Europe—can defy the Soviet drive only on two terms: a) if Western Germany is able to defend itself, and b) if the defense of Western Germany does not mean implicitly the annihilation of Western Germany itself. For, in our lifetime, no Western European power—not the French, most certainly—can be expected to rush to the protection of German territorial integrity. And, more importantly, the West Germans themselves cannot be expected to unleash a train of events that, in a matter of a few hours, must erase the German nation.

Flight into Surrender

If the only conceivable way of keeping (or getting) Soviet forces out of Western Germany is its subsequent "liberation" by U.S. atomic bombs, no German in his right mind could want to be so liberated. The indispensable prerequisite to a German resistance against Soviet penetration is a reasonable prospect that normal acts of soldierly courage will have tangible results. A resistance that can be visualized only in terms of ultimate nightmares is hopeless. Which means: if the only conceivable counteraction against a Soviet thrust is the ignition of the German sky, then Western Germany will go Communist even without Soviet occupation.

Why? Simply because no people is freakish enough (or, if you want, heroic enough) to go on living with no other perspective than the utterly insane alternative of either national destruction by Soviet invaders or social destruction by U.S. atomic bombs. Limited to this choice, any people will, after a while, leap to the third alternative, namely: a surrender to Communism which promises to spare them both, the Soviet invasion as well as the American atomic clouds.

If this is plausible even in the framework of a prosperous today, the flight of a "neutralized" Germany into Soviet subservience becomes well-nigh unavoidable in the case of a new German depression. And an American strategy for Europe that does not allow for a forthcoming European depression isn't worth considering: the business cycle will be with us as surely as death, and it will have particularly fateful effects on Europe.

What will happen to a Germany caught in the mass-unemployment of another depression, without a military establishment that underwrites her national integrity, is no matter of conjecture. Such a Germany must cave in. The current policy of the Kremlin can be understood only if one comprehends the Leninist perspective: Leninists are bullish on depression. With a patience that is willing to be mistaken for weakness the Bolsheviks are waiting for the next depression to hit Germany. And if we pre-cook the feast, by demilitarizing Germany while she prospers, then we surely do not deserve better.

All That for Tito?

All these risks—what for? To encourage Titoist developments in Communist Poland and Communist Hungary. And this is not my interpretation. This is the stated and the sole purpose of the proposed "new" policy. The prospect of some further Titoist developments is the one and only gain at which a policy aims that, on the other hand, *therefore* gambles with the possibility of losing Germany and driving the U.S. into ultimate atomic war.

There is perhaps no other area in which I find myself so substantially in disagreement with Mr. Burnham as in the evaluation of Titoism. Briefly, I contend that Titoism ("national" Communism) is, if anything, the more pernicious form of the world-wide Communist assault on Western society; while Mr. Burnham contends that, no matter how much Titoism may occasionally annoy the West, it is not only vastly preferable to Bolshevism but, actually, an "objective" ally of the West in the struggle for the world.

Now there exists, after all, an unequivocal record of Titoism. Has Tito himself, during the past several years, moved "toward the West"? Or has he, on the whole, faithfully served the advance of World Communism? Has he shown (and I am speaking of *trends*) signs of increasing liberalization or signs of an increasingly fast return to Leninist orthodoxy? And, above all, has the arch-pattern of Titoism (*i.e.*, Tito's Yugoslavia itself) proved over the last several years that the withdrawal of Soviet troops from Communist Eastern Europe ought to be "the supreme present objective of Western policy"—to the exclusion of literally all other vital objectives and vital interests?

There has been, for the last several years, not a single Soviet soldier on Yugoslav soil. The Soviet Union not only withdrew its troops but even its Ambassador. How did that influence history? Has "sovereign" and unoccupied Yugoslavia, on the whole, *therefore* acted as an increasingly reliable ally of the West?

The huge territory of the Red Chinese government has for the last ten years been entirely free of Soviet forces. How did this influence the history of Red China? Hasn't "sovereign" and unoccupied Red China acted, over these ten years, as an irreconcilable foe of the West and a committed servant of the Soviet Union?

"If the Soviet troops get out of the now captive nations, and if there is a fair assurance that they will stay out," Mr. Burnham nonetheless assures us, "then these nations will move away from the Soviet-Communist orbit." But before the West bets its life on his promise, to the extent of gambling on the very survival of Germany, of Europe, of the world, Mr. Burnham will have to present some further evidence on the situation in, say, Communist Czechoslovakia.

Soviet troops left Czechoslovakia several years ago. And yet Czechoslovakia did not "move away from the Soviet-Communist orbit." In fact, Czechoslovakia, a nation that has not entertained a single Soviet regiment for several years, proved itself to be a far more subservient satellite than heavily occupied Hungary.

Safe Soviet "Withdrawal"

So we have Mr. Burnham's assurance on the one hand, and all the facts on the other. They are unequivocal: Communist nations do not "move away from the Soviet-Communist orbit" if their territory is relieved of Soviet occupation; Titoism

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is neither "objectively" nor "subjectively" a potential ally of the West in the struggle with Communism; the Soviet Union, under certain conditions, can safely withdraw its troops from the territory of its satellites.

What are these conditions? Essentially two: 1) the "national" Communist regime must have established adequate police forces of its own; and 2) there must be some believable kind of assurance that the West will not engage in an active policy of liberation. The second condition is what Mr. Burnham proposes to offer. The first condition is what Bolsheviks surely would establish before they graciously accepted the gracious offer.

And who can keep them from doing just that—ever? Suppose Mr. Burnham's "new" policy were in effect. Suppose Soviet troops had withdrawn from Communist Poland. Suppose Germany were "neutralized," NATO dissolved, Europe demilitarized. And then Poland's Communist Government, to replenish its police forces, hired a few thousand Lithuanians. Not Soviet troops—real live Lithuanians. What are we supposed to do in this case? Bring on the ultimate atomic holocaust? But what else can we do? Certainly Mr. Burnham did not mean to propose that we gulp and accept the reoccupation of a "sovereign" Poland by Lithuanian "volunteers." No indeed. We shall have to drop the H-bomb on Moscow, and face immediate retaliation on Detroit and Washington, because Polish Titoists have hired some Titoist Lithuanians.

What Mr. Burnham presents as an entirely new and bold policy is, in truth, just about the oldest policy proposal in circulation, and just about the shortest short-cut to perdition in a self-constructed trap. For, as Mr. Burnham could not possibly have advocated surrender to Communism at the very next turn of events, he must stipulate, from here on, a deadly rigidity on the part of the West—atomic war, the whole atomic war, and nothing but atomic war, on the very next occasion of Communist treachery.

"What Are the Alternatives?"

But, asks Mr. Burnham, if his policy proposal be unacceptable — "what actually are the alternatives?" What he gets "from the hard anti-Communists," he complains, just isn't good enough: it is nothing but "denunciation mingled with a vague and rather empty intransigence." But the hard anti-Communists Mr. Burnham is listening to simply can't be the ones I meet—on NATIONAL REVIEW, for instance.

There, over the last fourteen months, I have found (and very often in Mr. Burnham's excellent column, "The Third World War") a precise, realistic, and immensely practical approach to Western strategy. The approach is based on our conviction that we *are* at war with World Communism; that the foe is congenitally irreconcilable; that every form of "coexistence" is suicidal; that, in war, there is no substitute for victory; that victory cannot be won by clever devices—only by men of character who are willing to die.

This general approach has been quite persuasively applied, over the last fourteen months, to events as they arose. For instance, the Hungary Pledge which NATIONAL REVIEW's editors have solemnly signed ostracizes, rather specifically, the selfsame conduct Mr. Burnham now recommends to the German Government. The supercharged Spirit of Geneva which he now wishes on Dr. Adenauer—not in spite but, mind you, because of the Hungarian slaughter!—is the specter of our own perdition. Hard anti-Communists, even when afflicted by a spell of *ennui,* will not sacrifice the certainty which has formed their character, and has established their decisiveness, to the intellectual kick of a "new" and "interesting" idea.

LETTER FROM FORMOSA

(*Continued from p. 80*)

the Philippines, where agricultural produce is hauled to market on contraptions resembling sleighs, the most common sight in Formosa is rubber wheeled carts drawn by oxen. Nor does one very often see human beasts of burden hauling carts or carrying produce on their backs.

Not only are the farmers better situated today than the majority of those who followed Chiang Kai-shek and his Government to Formosa. The urban dwellers who owned property in the capital city of Taipei, or in rapidly developing industrial centers such as Kaoshiung and Hsinchu, have profited enormously from the tremendous rise in land and housing values due to the island having become the seat of the Chinese Government.

Low Salaries

The people who are having the hardest time are the middle and lower echelons of government officials, employees of the State enterprises; recently arrived escapees from Communist China; and the junior officers of the armed services. In general also the professional classes are living far below the standard to which their qualifications would entitle them, should they choose, or be able, to emigrate. Engineers and factory directors, whose qualifications would enable them to earn ten, fifteen or twenty thousand U.S. dollars a year in other countries, work on Formosa for salaries of thirty or forty dollars a month—less than double the wages of a skilled worker. (True, they receive free housing and a rice and oil and salt ration. But so, too, do most of the workers.)

Take, for instance, the case of Dr. Jerome Simnian Hu, director of the Taiwan oil refining works at Kaoshiung. Dr. Hu, who has a masters degree in chemical engineering from Michigan University, and another in petroleum engineering from Oklahoma University, is cheerfully running the huge Taiwan Petroleum Company for a salary of 1,600 Taiwan dollars a month which, even at the official rate of exchange, amounts to $65 U.S. Yet the enterprise he manages produces 80 million Taiwan dollars profit a year for the Chinese Government, and the highest skilled workers in the plant earn 1,000 Taiwan dollars a month.

Private industry in Formosa pays considerably more to workers, managers and engineers. The director of the Arsenal in Kaoshiung told me he has difficulty in keeping his workers because of the higher wages offered in the many new privately owned enterprises mushrooming in this main industrial area. This phenomenon explains why, at a meeting I had with trade union leaders in Taipei, I found almost every one of them favoring free private enterprise.

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from WASHINGTON *straight*

A NEWSLETTER

SAM M. JONES

Big Brother

If you are an applicant for a job in government or the defense industry, an alien, a businessman, or just an average citizen, you may be under surveillance by one or several of the multiple executive agencies engaged in security investigation.

Many of these agencies are performing a useful, and, in some cases, a vital service, but the extent of our pyramided investigative bureaucracy is startling. When life was fairly simple, the Secret Service, the Post Office investigators, and the secret agents of State, War and Navy provided all the security, domestic and foreign, that was necessary. Then the income tax law created a need for T-men, the traffic in narcotics required a special division of undercover agents (Treasury Department), and interstate crime (Department of Justice) necessitated the G-men. Shortly after World War Two, the CIA was added.

Practically everyone knows these agencies exist, but most people, including members of Congress, are ignorant of the additional and collateral agencies, or of the gigantic web of secret or semi-secret agencies of the Executive Department. Only an exhaustive congressional investigation could determine the total number of agents, the total payroll and expense accounts, as well as such matters as jurisdiction, overlapping operations and conflicts in techniques. Obviously there will never be such an investigation. The magic phrase, "violation of security," would scuttle it before it started. The long battle between the press and government officials on the question of what information is "classified" and what is public, need not be reviewed. We have many arbitrators, or censors, but no court of appeal except possibly the sovereign people who might remember that the officeholder is a public servant.

Here are some of the other security agencies: The Office of Special Investigation (Air Force); ONI (Office of Naval Intelligence); CIC (Counter Intelligence, Army); NSA (National Security Agency), under the National Security Council; CCCIA (Counter Center of Coordinated Intelligence Activities—a coordinating unit); a special section in Washington's Metropolitan Police Department that collaborates with the various federal agencies; Civil Service Investigating Unit; Immigration Agency. Teams are drawn from one or more agencies for security tests, which include attempted penetration of military installations or factories producing critical material. The agents are provided with forged documents; the job is hypothetical sabotage. If the penetration is successful, the responsible executives are shown how it was accomplished and security measures are revised accordingly. If a "saboteur" is caught, he must under no circumstances reveal his identity until the time set for the completion of the operation. So he may have a grim time. While several agencies, such as the FBI, enjoy comparative autonomy, the National Security Council mass-minds the over-all operations, makes plans and delegates authority.

Despite the quantity and quality of the federal security measures, security is just a word. There is, for example, minimum protection of the water supply of the nation's capital. A truckful of cyanide could be dumped into the city's reservoir with no more trouble than the slugging of a watchman. Most other cities are no better guarded.

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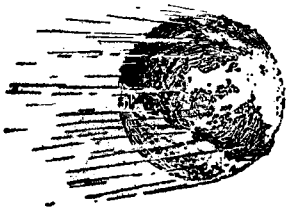

The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

The State of Communist Morale

Periodically since 1917 the world Communist movement has experienced deep inward shocks. These follow unanticipated actions of the Communist leadership on matters of peculiar significance for Communist ideology. The most notable occasions have been: the Kronstadt uprising (1921); the liquidation of factions (*c.* 1929); the capitulation to Hitler without a fight (1933); the great Purge Trials (1936-38); the Hitler-Stalin Pact (1939). In 1956 there was a double shock: the de-Stalinization campaign and the Hungarian revolt.

Though the intensities differ, the response each time follows a regular pattern. The Communist movement is shaken, as by a sudden fever. The ranks waver. Fellow travelers express open doubts, even condemnation. Some of them break away, and a certain number of Party members resigns or gets thrown out. Then the leadership demonstrates that what was done was in logical defense of the Revolution. It regains hold, and swings the movement—hardened and disciplined by the experience—back into line.

Not without losses, however. On each occasion certain persons and sometimes whole categories are lost. Until Kronstadt, for example, most anarchists supported the Bolshevik Revolution and (however paradoxically) the Soviet Government. Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman had eagerly gone from the U.S. to Russia, where Lenin found their moral prestige a valuable asset. But when the Bolsheviks answered the peaceful demands of the Kronstadt sailors by slaughtering them in what Tukhachevsky afterwards described as "not a battle but an inferno," Berkman and Goldman repudiated Communism and left Russia. Anarchists throughout the world followed their example and have remained firmly anti-Communist ever since—an opposition that has more than once blocked the Communist road.

A number of radical intellectuals and left-wing workers broke for good when the Comintern ordered the German Communists to submit to Hitler. (In the U.S. these included many of the writers who later became prominent, and some of them effective, as "left-wing anti-Communists.") The shock from the Purge Trials blasted out not only some distinguished intellectuals (Arthur Koestler, Ignazio Silone) but a number of leaders in the NKVD apparatus (Krivitsky, Valtin, Reiss). Although the total effect was milder and did not extend to the apparatus, a few softer intellectuals dropped off at the Hitler-Stalin Pact.

There are, then, precedents for the shock wave that has been visibly passing over the Communist ranks during 1956. The general pattern of response is the same as before. But more study is needed to determine the range, intensity and amplitude of the specific disturbance.

1956 was unique in providing not one but two distinct sources of shock: the de-Stalinization campaign and the suppression of the Hungarian revolt. To a non-Communist the second is the striking incident; but for a Communist de-Stalinization was primary, and the Hungarian events were of major significance only against that background. This difference in estimate explains why it was Hungary that led to disorder among the fellow travelers, but de-Stalinization that has troubled the Party members.

In itself the Kremlin's treatment of the Hungarians raised no new problem. In the abstract it was merely Kronstadt once again. In 1921 Lenin and Trotsky, declaring that the Revolution was in danger because reaction had gained ascendancy over the Kronstadt sailors, sent troops stiffened by Cheka units to shoot them down. In 1956 Khrushchev and Bulganin, with the same declaration, sent troops stiffened by MGB units to shoot down Hungarian workers and students. The logic, on pure Bolshevik principles is impeccable, and unanswerable.

But in November 1956 the purity of Bolshevik principle had been violated by the de-Stalinization campaign. In Communist history there is no precedent for de-Stalinization. By trying to repudiate Stalin, Communism was repudiating itself, more or less as if Islam should try to repudiate Mohammed. That is why the official explanation for the Hungarian massacre, for all the dialectical perfection of its logic, did not ring quite true even to trained Communist ears. And that is why at the following stage—just recently reached—Khrushchev has had to reverse himself again, and try to glue together the fragments of the Stalinist egg.

The issue may be put this way: The Kremlin can convincingly shoot workers and students only in the name of Stalin and the principles which Stalin symbolized. If the Kremlin repudiates Stalin, it no longer has the "right" (revolutionarily speaking) to shoot.

The peculiar conjunction of de-Stalinization with the Hungarian revolt has made the present shock reaction the most profound that Communism has so far undergone. This is spectacularly proved by the indecision—a moral indecision, at bottom—of the High Command. In ten days in 1921 the poorly armed, badly fed and half-exhausted Bolshevik units utterly destroyed the revolt, and annihilated a garrison of 15,000 of Russia's premier fighting men who were entrenched in the formidable Kronstadt fortress and supported by ships of the Baltic fleet. Today, after three months and the use of at least a dozen elite divisions with planes, 5,000 tanks and unlimited supplies, the Kremlin has not *yet* brought the Hungarians to heel. The disarray in Western Communist organizations, which have been virtually paralyzed for months, mirrors this moral, political and technical confusion inside the Soviet sphere.

Milovan Djilas and Imre Nagy, two men who speak as insiders, have separately but identically declared that the Hungarian events announced the beginning of the end of Communism. This is a little too good to be true; but the West could make it true.

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Memoirs of a Customer's Man

A copy of this issue, with the real name of the firm involved in Mr. Whittier's story, is being sent to the National Association of Securities Dealers, Inc.

ANTHONY WHITTIER

When I came to New York recently I needed a job immediately while longer-range things developed. I learned of an opening in a securities firm, involving telephone selling. They were looking for young, Ivy-College-type men. So I went around to the offices of the firm, which I shall call Dank, Bruit and Sargasso, filled out an application and was taken in to Mr. Dank to be interviewed.

Upon being ushered in I saw that my preconceptions of the Wall Street office decor—rich panelling, hunting prints, etc.—were due for revision. Mr. Dank was sitting in one of the most unpanelled offices I have ever seen. He was wearing a suit which was really too dark to be called royal blue.

"Done some soft selling, huh, Whittier?" he asked.

"Well, sir. I believe that any decent product presented in a reasonable—"

"Ever *scare* anybody into buying anything, Whittier?" He rose from behind his desk, and though he was perhaps not quite six feet tall he must have weighed over two hundred pounds. His complexion was lard-like, his hair close-cropped, and he had small, foxy eyes and a mouth whose corners he turned up to achieve an expression of fixed joviality.

"I used to work for a cutlery outfit. Sold *knives*"—he paused and smiled wickedly—"to young working girls. Used to throw them knives on the floor, show 'em they wouldn't break. Said they didn't want to buy. I'd shake the goddam knife at 'em and say, 'Waddya mean you don't want to buy—waddya think I come up here for?' They'd buy."

"Well," I said, "I know I can sell. It's a little different from—"

"Don't get me wrong, Whittier, this is strictly solid, respectable business. We sell securities. Stocks, not bonds—bonds are for sissies. But you gotta have enthusiasm and you gotta make the customer know that you have his best interests at heart and that he's a damn fool if he's not grateful to you. By the way, that's the Golden Rule of this business: the broker must have the best interests of his client at heart. Remember, this is the most closely regulated business there is. It has to be, it's so easy to make money in it. Ya have to be real stupid to try and break the law in Wall Street.

"Now—you've got a good speaking voice—cultured—not like some of these gorillas I got working for me—but to succeed in this business ya gotta be hungry. Here's my top man" —and he waved a check—"925 bucks this week."

"You mean he sold that much?" I asked.

"Hell, no, that's what he made. Ten per cent. He's a real hungry guy."

In Substantial Accents

A few days later a small group of hungry young men, myself among them, were initiated into the mysteries of stockbroking. We were quickly put to work in a room containing about a dozen telephones. The office manager, Mr. Sargasso, a very young, intensely cynical looking man with piercing eyes, a large jaw and dapper aspect, placed a Brooklyn classified directory on a table, ripped out large handfuls of pages and handed each of us a wad, saying, "All right, men, there are your leads—now get going. Here's what you say." And he gave each of us a page of printed material. I read it over, took up my list of leads, who all happened to be Brooklyn machinists, dialed my first number and in solid, substantial, cultured accents intoned:

"Good morning! This is Mr. Whittier of Dank, Bruit and Sargasso, New York stockbrokers. We have just prepared a special report on a new low-price stock issue—about a dollar a share—and we would like to send you a copy. There is no cost and only one obligation (chuckle)—that you read it. . . . Fine! I'll be in touch with you again in a couple of days, after you've had a chance to look it over."

As call followed call, some accepting the literature, others not, I amused myself by shading my approach in various ways from the confidential or slightly illicit sounding, to the extremely dignified, according to my guess as to the nature of my prospect.

This was merely the preliminary. People who had indicated a willingness to receive the literature would be sent folders of a vague and laudatory nature concerning the stock issue Dank, Bruit and Sargasso was interested in promoting—in this case, Matrix Modulation, Inc. In a couple of days we would call our prospects to make the actual pitch. The object here was never to surrender. If a prospect proved obdurate or unappreciative of the service we were trying to render him, we must on no account let this discourage us. We were provided with a prepared sales talk as well as a book of answers to various common objections. When we exhausted this material, we were either to run through the whole thing again or improvise until the prospect either put up or hung up.

"Anything Could Happen"

One day Mr. Sargasso came into the training room, waving some pink stock reports and shouting that Matrix Modulation had just gone up a quarter of a point but that we would still be able, for a brief time only, to sell it at the old dollar-a-share price. The atmosphere became positively electric as men jumped for their telephones, and this was how the news was delivered, urgently, breathlessly, to the public:

"Hello, Mr. Whoosis? I have great

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news for you! Matrix Modulation has just gone up a quarter of a point! Do you realize what this means? If this were a hundred-dollar stock, you would have made $25 a share! Or if you had only a thousand shares of Matrix Modulation, you'd've made yourself $250 just like that! But I haven't told you the best part. Due to certain conditions governing our holdings, we can still sell limited blocks at the old dollar price! Now's the time to get *in!* When the news of this rise gets around the Street—*and it is now getting around*—I wouldn't be surprised to see *anything* happen. In all my years on the street I have rarely seen the kind of excitement generated by this development."

We evolved background business to accompany this; one of the boys who was between calls would shout, "Pick up five thousand!" "Got it!" another would reply.

Breaking down Resistance

Then the book of answers would come into play: "Never heard of Matrix Modulation? Of course not—that's why it's such a tremendous opportunity. If you could buy A. T. & T. or Standard Oil for a dollar or even five per share you'd certainly do it, wouldn't you? Well, it seems hard to believe but at one time those stocks were probably just as little known!

"Don't play the market? Mr. Whoosis, Dank, Bruit and Sargasso is one of the largest and most respected firms in its field. We have a reputation to protect and we would certainly not jeopardize that reputation by recommending anything dubious. Actually, our research department has been working on this for over a year and they have just given us the go-ahead on it. In all fairness to yourself, let me protect you at the present price with a small trade of, say, three or four thousand shares.

"Can't afford it! Mr. Whoosis, if I were asking you to pick up a hundred shares of a hundred-dollar stock, that would be money, right? All I want is an opportunity to show you what I can do for you. Fair enough? Fine! Now suppose I reserve a minimum voting block of a thousand shares for you. . . . Well, then, how about a token trade of seven-fifty?

"Look, Mr. Whoosis, let's understand one another. As you know, commissions in the brokerage business are relatively small. My commission on this trade would be *peanuts.* I simply want an opportunity to show what I can do for you. After all, if I can show you a profit on our initial trade I expect your future business, and I'm sure I can get you a fine profit in this situation."

As Mr. Dank said, if you want to sell a thousand shares, try for five thousand; and as the boys said, you might sell five hundred if you were lucky. The crack around the office about little-known Matrix Modulation's growth possibilities was, "This stock will be two when I'm eighty."

A few had a great sense of the service they were rendering to the little man. As one of them put it, "A lot of people are scared by these big brokerage houses with their black windows and gold lettering. You ever walked into one of 'em? Scare you to death! Lot of mahogany, lot of guys sitting around at desks, busy, not saying anything—they ignore you. Oh, when you get 'em to talk, they don't bite you or anything—they're nice. But the average guy don't get far. He just gets the hell out. Now on the phone—nobody's afraid talking on the phone."

Then a mysterious thing happened. A day or so after Mr. Sargasso's momentous announcement one of the boys phoned another broker, representing himself as a customer, and inquired about a reported rise in Matrix Modulation. He was told that Matrix Modulation was three-quarters bid, a dollar asked and no rise in sight. And later that day Mr. Sargasso, as was his habit, was prowling around the offices listening to the various pitches. He stopped beside me, listened to my impassioned plea, and when my prospect had hung up said to me in a voice filled with cold fury, "What, are you crazy? What's this stuff about selling Matrix Modulation under the market? Listen, everybody—if any of you are dopey enough to be saying this sort of thing, cut it out—it's dynamite. Now get back there and start selling. Remember, enthusiasm!"

The Monday of my second week in Wall Street, I walked into the training room to find a group of middle-aged men of more or less distinguished appearance sitting around the central table being addressed by Mr. Sargasso. I backed out apologetically, assuming that I had intruded upon a board meeting. I was told that this was a new batch of recruits. Upon closer acquaintance most of these men turned out to be chronic failures, a couple of them mechanically downing tranquilizers.

One was unusual; he wore smoked glasses and had a hesitant manner and a sort of British accent which I was not able to place. He turned out to be a Dubliner, Patrick McGuire, recently retired as a major from the British Army. I marked him for an early end in Wall Street.

He phoned a doctor, announced himself in his frightfully bashful way and subsequently delivered the most apologetic pitch ever heard at Dank, Bruit and Sargasso. His prospect listened and when Pat was finished said, "Very well, I'll take three thousand."

Pat was so flustered that he failed to ask exactly how the man wanted his stock registered, so after biting his nails for half an hour he rang up again to get the information. The doctor answered and said, "Oh, Mr. McGuire, I'm glad you called. I've been thinking the whole thing over and I'd like you to order me another thousand shares."

The Golden Rule

Four days in the business and four thousand shares sold. My own achievements were considerably less. In three and a half weeks I sold nine hundred shares—five hundred to a Brooklyn pharmacist and four hundred to the proprietor of a lunch counter, in installments of two hundred. He gave me the impression that he would have to mortgage his coffee urn to get the last two hundred which he bought when news of the great rise came through.

After three and a half weeks, I was called into Mr. Dank's office. He told me that he was sure I had sales ability but that he thought I would be more successful in another type of selling. I assured him of my enthusiasm for my work and said that I had always tried to observe the Golden Rule of the business, to keep the best interests of the customer at heart.

"That's not what's worrying me, Whittier," he said. "I was thinking of the best interests of Dank, Bruit and Sargasso."

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THE IVORY TOWER

WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

The Financial Predicament of Higher Education—II

The Pitch to the Corporation

We wrote, week before last, that the corporation has emerged as the most nubile of all the ladies to whom the strategists of higher education have given the eye in their search for financial serenity. Accordingly, the courtship is passionate. There is a long way to go before it can be said that corporations have settled down, prepared to pay for higher education in the same spirit in which they pay for, say, electricity; but the idea has gotten across. The Council on Financial Aid to Education reported last week that corporate gifts have increased from forty to one hundred million dollars a year since 1950. Not bad, for a mere six years of missionary work. Only a tiny percentage of American corporations have been conned. Think what will happen once the idea is generally accepted! It makes the eyes stream for joy.

To say that the corporations that have been talked into giving have been conned is not to say that the colleges that have benefited from those gifts are, in the abstract sense, unworthy of support (that argument can be made too, but is not here being made). It is merely that the reasons being advanced why corporations should contribute to education are phoney, and question-begging. The principal arguments being used to lead the corporations on are as follows:

1. "Higher education breeds the men whose understanding and appreciation of free enterprise insure a political order hospitable to free enterprise; hence in providing for higher education, a corporation is providing for its ultimate security."

In fact, there is no dependable correlation between knowledge and wisdom—between an understanding of the free market economy and an appreciation of it. Moreover, it can be persuasively contended that institutions of higher learning have in recent times engaged in the systematic disparagement of free enterprise; or, if you like, misrepresentation of it. *But in any event,* the argument is fraudulent, for under the canons of academic freedom to which colleges almost universally subscribe, and to which the persons who make this point themselves subscribe out of the other side of their mouths, a college is not permitted, corporately speaking, to endorse *any* economic—or political, or philosophical—system. A college is supposed to be completely neutral as between competing ideas, as between socialism and capitalism. Hence a corporation is no more certain to win friends for its economic ideas by giving money to a college than, let us say, the United States would be certain to make friends for democracy by giving money to the United Nations.

2. "Higher education [it is argued] trains the men whose superior capacities enable them, in due course, to furnish the skills and the leadership required by all successful corporations; hence in making them grants, the corporation is both compensating the colleges for training its own personnel, and assuring that they will be able to continue to do so."

Those who advance the argument incompletely understand how our economic system works. It is the competitive situation that indicates to a corporation the price it must pay to secure the services of any given individual. It pays that sum—the entire sum—to that individual. It is up to the individual to identify (and reward, or reimburse—or forsake) the persons or institutions that make him what he is. To argue that the corporation should compensate those who were in some way responsible for the availability and training of the men they hire has chaotic ramifications. If the college is to be rewarded (or compensated, if you like) for having trained a man, why not the parents who begat him? Or the individual teacher who inspired him? Or the author of the book that spurred him on? Or the most unforgettable character he ever met? It is nonsense, of course, to suppose that a corporation could—or should—go into the business of compensating or rewarding anyone or anything other than the person whose services it is contracting for. As it is, the corporation must withhold money from his pay check for the federal government. Let us not invite a situation in which it must also withhold money for Podunk High and Iowa State, and Aunt Minnie who brought him up.

3. "It costs less [the Practical Man loves this one] to have corporations finance higher education because they can make grants to colleges a deductible expense; they can make grants before taxes. A gift of $1,000 by Corporation X to College Y costs the corporation only $480, since it would otherwise have paid $520 of that sum in tax. Moreover, if it had distributed that $480 to its stockholders, they, as taxpayers, would have had to pay (assuming the lowest tax rate of 20 per cent) $96 to the government, leaving only $394 for themselves. The net result: for a cost of $394 to the stockholders of Corporation X, College Y has gotten one thousand clams!"

Whee! The man who thought that one up is a first cousin to the man who discovered that a national debt is nothing to be worried about because We Owe It to Ourselves. Let us look at the proposition. If, in such fashion, we are giving $1,000 to College Y at a cost to us of only $394, whose pockets is the $606 coming out of? The government's? Well, then, we end up asking the government to subsidize education—in order to avoid asking the government to subsidize education, for was that not the original objective? But in the last analysis, the government has no money. Must it not, then, in order to give money to College Y, turn around and get it from somebody else? From us, for example?

It comes down to this. One can play this game and bring it off so long as

(*Continued on p. 95*)

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Letter from the Continent

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

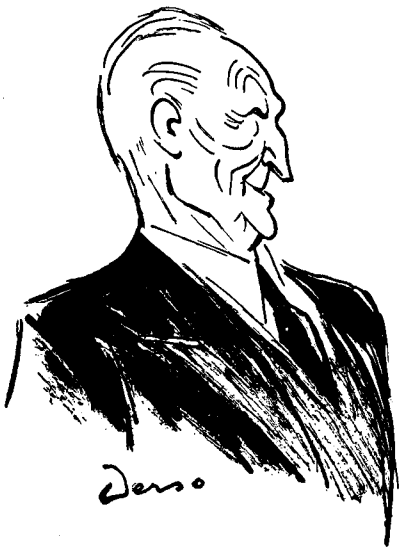
Election Year in Central Europe

The impending Presidential elections in Austria will show whether the trend toward the Right, initiated by the elections of May 1956, will persevere. The candidates are still subjects of speculation. The Austrian President wields very little political power and one expects that all candidates will be old, bearded and, preferably, white-haired gentlemen looking like Emperor Francis Joseph or St. Nicholas. Presidents Hainisch and Renner conformed to this patriarchal pattern, and the late President Koerner (a former nobleman, General of the Imperial and Royal Army, and a Socialist) was no exception to the rule. With the increasing readiness of National Liberals to vote "clerical," as manifested in certain local elections, Austria's People's Party has at last a chance to elect the head of the state, and not only to appoint the head of government, who, admittedly, is the more important figure of the two.

Far more crucial than the Austrian Presidential contest will be the general elections in Germany in the fall. The situation there might, again, be one of touch and go—not only for Germany but for all of Europe. The nervousness and bitterness preceding the elections will be felt outside the borders of the Federal Republic. The German not-so-International Socialists are in many respects the true heirs of the National Socialists. They stand for centralization; for some sort of Reunion with Eastern Germany, whatever the price; for a planned economy; for going easy on relations with the Soviet; for a less close cooperation between Germany and the free nations of the West. Their record as to the unification of Europe is anything but impressive. The only leading Socialist of European stature and outlook (Dr. Carlo Schmidt, an intellectual who in the immediate postwar years hesitated concerning which of the big parties he should join) is ill and hospitalized. No wonder the German Socialist Party has become the haven for all elements of negation—all those dissatisfied with Germany's present state of affairs but unable to offer a constructive alternative.

The results of the last local elections prove that Germany is approaching another inner crisis which only by the grace of God can be solved through constitutional and democratic means.

This unrest is at first glance all the more surprising because the German should, logically, be the happiest of all Europeans. He has a real statesman at the helm of his country, a statesman who has led the nation from the devastation of war and dishonor



to a high place in the world. Industry and agriculture are booming. Unemployment is at a low. Finances are in excellent shape. The government has not only prevented a further dismembering of the German West (Southern Schleswig and regions along the Dutch border had been considered practically lost) but, in addition, has won a true victory in Germany's reunion with the Saar area. The Hungarian events have shown that Adenauer's foreign policy was dead right.

And yet, the visitor to Germany hears constant grumbling. Fault is found by some people with almost anything the government does. The reasons for this dissatisfaction and rank ingratitude can be found, partly, in the want of magnetism of the Second German Republic, and partly in the German character which is critical and full of resentment until or unless it can be stirred by a higher emotion—or by a wave of blind affection. Walter Bagehot wrote that a nation capable of ruling itself must be "stupid." Now, the Germans are a very *clever* nation of a rather high average educational standard; but they are not *wise*. And this is the very reason why truly intelligent Germans as well as foreign observers are nervous about the probable outcome of the 1957 elections.

The fact that the fate of Europe lies in the hands of people who have suffered degradation, defeat and punishment within such a short period, makes one shudder. One recalls the prophetic words of Jacob Burckhardt, the great Swiss, that "once politics is based on the fermentation of the nations all security will have an end." (*The End of All Security* is also the title of a German political best-seller, written by Winfried Martini.) Europe's chancelleries are upset by the burning question whether German foreign policy will continue along the established lines. With Adenauer out of the picture, the course the German ship of state might take could shatter all hopes for a united Europe and destroy the fabric of the free world.

The figure of the *der Alte* is alone the secret of the CDU's success in the past. The German is far too skeptical to believe in the fiction of "government by law"; he realizes that laws must be administered by men, and that it makes a whale of a difference *who* is in charge.

The only hope for Germany, and Europe, is that world events even more persuasive than the Hungarian uprising will electrify the German electorate in time to defeat the Social Democratic bid for power. For the time being, the German Left and much of the German Center reek with irresponsibility. And the trouble is that universal suffrage, unless a shock of recognition shakes the voters, favors the placid oversimplifiers.

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ARTS and MANNERS

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

On the Demise of Two Frail Turkeys

The ethics (if I'm pardoned the expression) of the trade prescribe that a critic be charitable with expired plays. But if one believes in the self-regulating forces of a live theater, the early demise of a new play would tend to prove its worthlessness; and so the critic, to do right by the stage, should pay special attention to the lessons of a failure.

And yet, all voices are hushed when a dead turkey drops over Broadway. Last week, two such frail birds fell in a row, and the windows at Sardi's were heavily draped with crêpe. Robert E. Sherwood's posthumous *Small War on Murray Hill* lasted but a week, and Arthur Laurents' *A Clearing in the Woods* is to close any day now.

These plays were two of the season's rare major projects of what they call on Broadway "serious" producers (which means producers who can read a script). Mr. Sherwood's play was sponsored and staked by "The Playwrights' Company," in which Mr. Roger L. Stevens has a commanding position. *A Clearing in the Woods* was produced by Mr. Stevens. This gives him the distinction of having financed the season's three outstanding flops (the third being Mr. Adlai Stevenson's candidacy).

The late Mr. Sherwood seems to occupy a secure place in our hall of dramatic fame (though I have never fully understood why the author of *Reunion in Vienna,* which is perhaps the most sophomoric of all plays about Ruritania, should ever have been taken seriously). His ultimate opening on Broadway, precisely because it was such a resounding flop, might provide an opportunity to revaluate Sherwood's contribution to American life and letters.

Small War on Murray Hill is dedicated to the proposition that the American revolutionaries defeated the King's army, not because they desperately believed in their destiny, but because General Sir William Howe was seduced by a Mrs. Mary Murray to dally through a historically decisive night. Now I do not say that the idiocy of such an idea precludes the emergence of a presentable comedy (though I am very much tempted to say just this). But it seems to me significant that Sherwood should have been the one to propound such an obtusely frivolous theory of warfare.

For Mr. Sherwood, one will recall, was the only playwright in American history to sit in the highest councils of war. He was not only co-director of Franklin D. Roosevelt's propaganda machinery (the Office of War Information) but he was also the private confidant of Mr. Roosevelt himself. He had as intimate a knowledge of the war's innermost secrets, and the conduct of our warlords, as anybody. He knew even more than did Harry Hopkins. For, in addition to what Hopkins knew, Sherwood also knew what made Hopkins tick.

So this knowing man sat down, years after the great war, in the quiet of contemplation, and wrote a play about the motivations of warlords. And what he had sensed, and learned, and grasped, throughout history's most furious war, in a privileged place of command, was summarized in a comedy so thin, so obvious, so conventional, that it died of the most common anemia.

The stunning fact is that the acknowledged Homer of the American Iliad finally came up with a bedroom farce. Anti-Americans abroad may consider this significant of America. I prefer to believe that it informs us about the moral and intellectual stature of the ruling conformity which Mr. Sherwood represented.

In some ways, the failure of *A Clearing in the Woods* seems even more significant of the intellectual mess this underprivileged generation is in. Mr. Laurents, who several seasons ago authored *The Time of the Cuckoo,* an amusing trifle, this time dived deep, deep into the human soul. What he caught there would embarrass even a psychoanalyst—and psychoanalysts, after all, are men who base a career, and a good living, on their stark insensitivity.

To one who had to suffer through *A Clearing in the Woods* it seemed that Mr. Laurents had been waiting for Godot a bit too long. That little teaser of some time ago which cashed in on the impudent trick of saying nothing at all has, amazingly enough, found an increasing band of imitators. So barren is our *avant-garde* that *Waiting for Godot* goes down in our intellectual history as a generic work.

What Mr. Laurents did was simply to take one of the more shallow books of, say, Dr. Erich Fromm and transpose it into the free meter of murky Village jargon. The eminently talented Miss Kim Stanley is supposed to show, without the benefit of a couch, how you can achieve salvation by an understanding of your fiendish adolescence which, give or take a little Oedipus complex, is all that has formed your personality.

I wouldn't know about Mr. Laurents,' but my personality has been formed by a lot more than just the brat in my past; and so I yawned through the two acts. An elderly lady sitting next to me constantly asked her husband in an irritated murmur: "What's she say? What's she say?" and I wish I could tell her. But though I've read most of Dr. Fromm's books, this dramatized how-to-do-it version of diluted psychoanalysis is entirely inscrutable to me, too. Under the pretext of being gibberish, it is.

But *A Clearing in the Woods,* in addition to a lingering bad taste in almost everybody's mouth, leaves an unsolved puzzle behind: Why should respectable businessmen want to bet good money on such *avant-garde* pranks? In the case of Adlai Stevenson Mr. Roger L. Stevens had at least the excuse that the costly production would be seen by the entire nation. But anybody could have told him that the popular demand for *A Clearing in the Woods* would be highly limited. And yet, his close association with Adlai Stevenson's brain trust seems so to have conditioned Mr. Stevens that he wasted a minor fortune on a hopeless play. My respect goes to him for such generosity in backing up his convictions. Just the same, I am greatly alarmed that the *malaise* of our intelligentsia has infected the profit instincts of our rich.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Wrong for the Wrong Reasons

FRANK S. MEYER

When the *New York Times* Book Review devotes three valuable pages to a mere essay—and that in its year-end issue—the canny student of the Establishment will conclude that something is afoot. Literary excellence alone is most unlikely to be the reason for such a display. Besides, the article in question, Mr. Van Wyck Brooks' "Reflections on the *Avant-Garde*," was not particularly startling in that respect.

Indeed, so sprawlingly and loosely written was it that the logic of the presentation was almost impossible to follow. One thing only was clear. The object of Mr. Brooks' criticism was not the *avant-garde* as *avant-garde*, but the writing and thinking of anyone—advanced or traditional, experimental or safe—who refuses to accept the shibboleths of Liberalism and scientism, who cannot be satisfied that "the notions of Progress and Reason" are sufficient to comprehend all and everything in the cosmos.

That, in making this point, he adduces at length the authority of Julien Benda would be understandable enough, were it not for another and rather different emphasis which Mr. Brooks associates with the main line of the argument. He is not only distressed by the obscurantism of the unprogressive, he is also deeply angered by the refusal of writers to take the attitudes and mores of the crowd as their criterion of truth. And Benda, whatever else may be said against him, stressed and restressed the responsibility of the intellectual to ignore the crowd, to hew to the line of reason, let the chips fall where they may.

As Robert J. Niess has shown with meticulous care in his recent excellent study, *Julien Benda* (Ann Arbor: The University of Michigan Press, 361 pp., $6.50), there was a deep contradiction in his very being. Despite his lifelong service to the Left, culminating in a decade of outstanding Communist fellow-travelling, he had an acute and penetrating reason that struck as hard at the confusions of those he supported as at his enemies. Methodologically, he would have rejected with contempt Mr. Brooks' criterion of "the common world," agree though he would have with much of his substantive position.

And even substantively there is a vulgarity to Mr. Brooks' argument which Benda would never have permitted himself. In Mr. Brooks' mind, the real crime of those he attacks is that they are not content with the promises of a smug materialism. Although he does not openly state his anti-religious prejudice, hinting with phrases like "return to medieval notions," "neo-Augustinian belief in the depravity of man," he shows clearly that to him "the treason of the intellectuals" is not, as with Benda, primarily their betrayal of their métier as intellectuals. It consists rather in their turning against the "religion of humanity" (first proclaimed by the Enlightenment and then carried by the nineteenth and twentieth centuries to extremes of fatuous blindness)—in their refusal to swell the chorus that for two hundred years has proclaimed to the world that "God is dead."

For, despite a measure of justice in Mr. Brooks' criticism of a certain narrowness and crabbed formalism in the literary movement of our century, the great figures of that movement have (in marked contrast to the leaders of thought in every other field) been in sharp revolt against the values of the materialist revolution. Well may Mr. Brooks castigate them as traitors to the Enlightenment. With all their differences, none of those who have stood out in our twentieth-century literature have been able to accept the world-view of an era gone silly in admiration of its technical and sociological prowess. All the names he calls up to castigate have had a vision—lost, alas, to most of the rest of the leaders of our society—of the depth and the mystery of man and the world. Eliot, Joyce, Yeats, Pound, Auden, Lawrence—all of them, whatever other charges may be made against them, can proudly plead guilty to the indictment laid by Mr. Brooks in Toynbee's words: "loss of faith in the recently established principles" and "surrender of the recently won gains, of Liberalism."

This, then, is the game that is afoot: to close in on the intellectual island of nonconformity which the literary world represents in order to bring it to heel. And the grim jest is that Mr. Brooks' offensive is conducted under the banner of nonconformity. This is, of course, a twist to which we have become accustomed in other fields. There is nothing like the moral indignation of a commissar of the deadening conformity of the day, accusing those who reach for transcendent value of desiring to impose conformity.

The issue is a false one. There is nothing wrong with conformity to true values, and nothing right about conformity to false ones. An *avant-garde* that leads the way from the false to the true is blessed, however angular its modes, however much it offend the philistine and the crowd. If it is wrong, it is wrong—but not because it separates itself from the warm *Gemuetlichkeit* of "humanitarianism," the crime that Mr. Brooks cannot forgive.

And that is why, with the justice one must show to an enemy, I protest his effort to associate himself with Julien Benda, and particularly with Benda's *La Trahison des Clercs* (now

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available in a paperback translation, *Betrayal of the Intellectuals*, Beacon, $1.25). Benda believed, it is true, in the Enlightenment, and that belief led inexorably to his intellectual fate. But he demanded of the intellectuals a loyalty to the search for truth, irrespective of (in fact, in the most arrogant contempt of) the pressures of the day. "The treason of the intellectuals," as he conceived it and as he lashed out against it, was in its essence no more nor less than the betrayal of truth for extraneous considerations. That he substantively was wrong in his judgments is the tragedy of a brilliant mind. It does not negate the insight that the man who lives by ideas betrays his being when he subordinates truth to any other consideration.

Mr. Brooks, quote Benda in his substantive errors though he does, preaches the opposite: the truth be damned, unless it is optimistic, enlightened, secular, comfortable and popular.

Literature, U. S. A.

The Story of American Letters, by Walter Fuller Taylor. 504 pp. Chicago: Henry Regnery Company. $5.00

In this "complete history of our literature considered as a fine art" you will not find the names of Lafcadio Hearn, George Santayana, Thomas S. Jones, Jr., or Robert Turney, each of whom represents in his own field a peak of American achievement. You will also miss a hundred lesser, but still significant, writers, from Father Ryan and Paul Hamilton Hayne to Edwin Markham and William Ellery Leonard. One suspects that Rolfe Humphries' polished verse and Ramon Guthrie's ironic romance are ignored because few copies were sold, *Anthony Adverse* and *Oliver Wiswell* because they were best-sellers.

One sees in this book occasional traces of the influence of American advertising on the style of American college professors. To describe literature as "an adventure in awareness" is to resort to the artfully meaningless gibberish that is concocted on Madison Avenue to vend brassieres and political hacks.

But despite its many defects, this is the best recent survey of that part of English literature that was written in the United States. In his discussion of each author Professor Taylor, resisting the temptation to collect literary gossip, gives only the biographical facts that explain literary purposes. In discussing each work, he goes directly to the point. When he is not overawed by the authority of Fred Lewis Pattee's *History of American Literature* (which is not listed in the bibiliography) and its curious doctrine that vulgarity is a specifically American virtue, his criticism is almost invariably judicious and incisive, and is frequently expressed with an admirable economy of phrase.

The essence of the New Criticism, for example, is contained in the observation that its practitioners "substituted, for the enjoyment of the poem, the radically different enjoyment of reasoning *about* the poem." There is epigrammatic vigor as well as accuracy in such phrases as "the chameleon-like adaptability" of "the elusively liberal Archibald MacLeish." And although a disproportionate amount of space is given to some contemporary writers who are chiefly remarkable for their ability to make a loud noise, Professor Taylor usually gives us at least a reassuring hint that he knows that the noise will soon be forgotten.

REVILO OLIVER

Breaking through Cant

The Free Citizen: A Summons to Service of the Democratic Ideal, by Theodore Roosevelt. Selections from his writings and stories from his record, edited by Hermann Hagedorn. 238 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.50

Mr. Hermann Hagedorn has been writing books about Roosevelt for forty years, and his admiration is undimmed by time. The present interesting volume is got up by splicing together bits from Roosevelt's books and speeches to form a fairly coherent work of politics: a dangerous method, but accurately and painstakingly used by Mr. Hagedorn.

Teddy was a great character, of course; and more, he was one of the most vigorous, learned, and original of our statesmen. Certain resemblances to Sir Winston Churchill scarcely require remarking. Like Churchill, Theodore Roosevelt had a gift for breaking refreshingly through cant and slogan; and many of his forceful declarations ring truer nowadays than anything spoken in 1957 by any leader of party in America.

Here, for instance, he is on rights and duties: "For one failure in the history of our country which is due to the people not asserting their rights, there are hundreds due to their not performing their duties. The man who is in danger of oppression from the sovereign can afford to think of his rights, first and foremost, but the man who is really sovereign, or the entity which is really sovereign, must think of its duties first. No human being is entitled to any 'right,' any privilege, that is not correlated with the obligation to perform duty."

And on war and peace: "There are no men more ignoble or more foolish, no men whose actions are fraught with greater possibility of mischief to their country and to mankind, than those who exalt unrighteous peace as better than righteousness. . . . Peace is not the end. Righteousness is the end . . . and peace a means to the end; and sometimes it is not peace, but war which is the proper means to achieve the end. . . . A just war is in the long run far better for a nation's soul than the most prosperous peace obtained by acquiescence in wrong or injustice."

Mr. Hagedorn describes Roosevelt's last service to his country, the awakening of the American conscience that had been dulled by unparalleled

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prosperity and the desire to *enjoy*. "The country," Mr. Hagedorn writes, "seemed possessed by a spirit of mad, sentimental theorizing, as scheme after scheme was devised to frighten away the German terror with gestures and words on paper. . . . 'Safety first!' was the slogan that flew over the country.

"'*Duty first!*' boomed Roosevelt."

I shall deduce no lessons for our present Republican Administration from the above, lest Mr. David Riesman call me a Moralizer. And of course there is no more wicked creature than a Moralizer. Theodore Roosevelt was such. RUSSELL KIRK

Symbol of Lost Youth

Trolley Car Treasury, by Frank Rowsome, Jr.; technical editor, Stephen D. Maguire. 200 pp. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company. $5.95

The trolley car arouses strong emotions. Some deep antagonism, latent in the public mind and similar to that which still afflicts the railroads, must account for its disappearance from many cities and suburbs in which it was unquestionably the most efficient form of public transportation. But it also commanded a strange devotion, and there are many who mourn its passing as though something of themselves had been lost when the rails were pulled up and the wires cut down. For them, this is a perfect book. They will view the three hundred pictures with nostalgic pleasure, and hope that the publisher will soon give them a sequel.

The trolley's appeal is partly esthetic. Many of the cars, particularly interurbans, had the symmetry of line that marks good architecture, and the steel car on its steel rails beneath the copper wire moved in an almost poetic contrast to the trees that arched so intimately overhead, the grass that grew green between the rails, and the open countryside of rural America. But most of its admirers are, I suspect, men who were boys in the first quarter of this century, and part of its fascination must lie in its value as a symbol of their lost youth and of an apparently stable society which, like the interurban railways, seemed destined to endure. R.P.O.

REVIEWED IN BRIEF

The Unadjusted Man, by Peter Viereck. 339 pp. Boston: Beacon Press. $5.00

Mr. Viereck has enthusiasm, energy, self-confidence, any number of tidy quotations, and they are all at the service of his "new hero for Americans"—the square peg in the round hole who refuses to suffer for it any longer, who, in fact, is already promoting himself as a prototype with a very distinctive if minority appeal. (What we should all do now: be different!) One does not entirely disagree with Mr. Viereck at first, but the more one muses through this miscellanea of articles and reviews the more one wonders why not. For this overly sure, officious voice is not that of a witness, but a spokesman. If this is the way an "unadjusted man" sounds, then how does a "booster" sound? Mr. Viereck is still the exuberant president of a junior Chamber of Commerce; he has just moved from suburbia to a sort of collegiate bohemia. On the other hand, what is more useful than a bumptious man with whom you sometimes agree? Doesn't he make you question yourself far more scrupulously than a mere enemy?

Man Against Woman, edited by Charles Neider. 210 pp. New York: Harper and Bros. $2.95

An anthology (meant to amuse) of "entertaining writing about—God bless 'em — women"; mostly by American men, about American women; and inevitably ironic since, in truth, very few American males have any un-ironic idea of what they really think about woman, especially in her current (say, post-suffrage) masochistic stage of disenchantment. It is this coy, unmanly tone of "God bless 'em—women" which makes most Europeans, and all the rest of the world's races, regard the American male as invariably immature, basically autoerotic, and as female-fearing as a cub Scout. One would like to add, very un-ironically, that one has known a few women who seem to deserve the name, and they all had this virtue in common: They neither imitated, nor envied, nor bullied, nor castrated the men in their lives; very efficiently, very decisively and very inconspicuously, they created them.

The Etruscan, by Mika Waltari. Translated by Lily Leino. 381 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.50

A market exists for this sort of tripe; therefore producers—with no malignant intent at all—manufacture it. Why not? A year or two ago we had an Egyptian; now we get an Etruscan; next, maybe a Hittite, or a Minoan, or a Viking. Any reasonably self-contained culture will do, and the looting, after all, is slight: only a few details of architecture or dress, and a colorful god or two. The rest—hero, speech, action, psychology (if that's the word)—is all die-cut in Manhattan. Supposedly, the authors, too, are perfectly nice people. There is a photograph of Mr. Waltari on *The Etruscan's* jacket. He *looks* civilized.

Brothers and Sisters, by Ivy Compton-Burnett. 273 pp. New York: The Zero Press. $3.75

Though apparently about people, Miss Compton-Burnett's novels not only strip the human creature of everything he apprehends with his senses, but thrust him into the most uninventively concocted situations known in literature. And then, when he opens his mouth, they snatch away whatever he might have said and replace it with a dry, synthetic, bloodless commentary which, by comparison, makes Congreve or Corneille seem naturalistic. Nevertheless, for years, Miss Compton-Burnett's altar has been attended by an impressively votive band of readers; her own "Ivy-League," as it were. For its members, this issue (with a very intelligent essay by Asa Benveniste) of a novel not previously published in America will be a festival day. It's a tribal cult, one suspects. As a hopeless outsider, one wishes everyone well.

(Reviewed by Robert Phelps)

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To the Editor

From a Hungarian

I immensely enjoy every bit of your writings. Firm principles, clarity and intelligence make your weekly superior to the journals of opinion on the American market.

As a Hungarian I want to express my appreciation for your excellent reflections on the latest events in Hungary.

FR. CHRISTOPHER HITES
Royal Oak, Mich.

Violence in the South

This has to do with an item under "The Week" in the January 12 NATIONAL REVIEW.

Has it been proven beyond all reasonable doubt that the "Northern ideologues" who "are responsible for the outbreak of violence in the South" are not also the ones who are "guilty of shooting stray bullets into buses filled with Negroes. . . . of flogging a band leader . . . and of burning down the house of a Negro minister . . .?" Can you be absolutely sure that Southerners committed this "debasing brutality"?

Saboteurs and agitators trained by "Northern ideologues" have, in the past, been known to increase tension by perpetrating such outrages, especially when good Americans will probably be blamed for them in the public press.

MRS. PHILIP L. CORSON
Plymouth Meeting, Pa.

Should Dulles Give a Dam?

It seems to me that the Suez affair is primarily the result of the State Department's bungling and John Foster Dulles' barefooted diplomacy.

The whole affair started when Mr Nasser "nationalized" the Suez Canal . . . to obtain funds to construct a much needed dam . . . when we unexpectedly withdrew our offer of about one billion in aid on which he was depending to construct the dam. Now we will have to spend at least that much and probably more to save Britain and France from disaster which would otherwise result from the blocking of the Canal.

Alas! The last straw is that now there are whispers that we may renew our offer of aid to Mr. Nasser. If this should happen, Mr. Dulles' diplomacy will cost the American taxpayer one billion more than if the State Department had given a dam in the first place.

Chicago, Ill. R. W. GILLIS

Heptisax Is "Hep"

My hat goes off to "Heptisax" for his excellent analysis about "why we voted for Ike" [letters, January 5]. But is it true that "Ike" really aspires to a third term?

Claremont, Cal. ALEX VONNEGUT

Here is another of the large number who voted for Mr. Eisenhower under about the same compulsions as those expressed by Heptisax.

Columbia City, Ind. D. O. HOLMES

On Balance

Of criticisms I have none to make. I do not always agree with my wife, and she does not always agree with me. However that may be, on balance, the percentage of our harmonious and hearty agreements far outweighs that of the unsettled arguments over the topics on which we do not, and could never, see eye to eye. Consequently . . . not one of our extremely intimate friends has ever been prompted to ask me, "When did you stop beating your wife?"

Therefore, by the same token, on balance and on the whole, both of us are of the considered and unanimous opinion that you and your co-workers have done a magnificent job of reporting, analysis and interpretation.

Coral Gables, Fla. J. MACAULEY COSTNER

Enlightened Self-Interest

Might there be a lesson in the demise of *Collier's*, [Editorial, "Why Did They Fold?" Dec. 29], particularly for leaders of business who are interested in preserving the American Republic? The editorial policy of *Collier's* was, we believe, favorable to a capitalistic economy and freedom of the individual, and generally opposed to the drift to the socialized state.

Naturally, every advertiser cannot divide up his available advertising funds in support of every magazine or other publication which has an editorial policy with which he agrees. . . . But it seems to me there is plenty of opportunity for selectivity without adding one penny to the advertising costs. Furthermore, it seems to me that business leaders have some long-range obligation and self-interest, for that matter, to help keep the public information media, first, free, *i.e.*, as a private enterprise for profit institution; and secondly, vigorously keeping before the reading public the economic and political choices which they have.

Washington, D.C. GEORGE B. TRAVIS

A Captive Audience

It gives me great pleasure to advise you that NATIONAL REVIEW is the most widely read magazine among the very many publications in my waiting room. Frequently my attention is directed to it by patients and always with favorable comments.

DR. CHARLES GOLDSBOROUGH
Baltimore, Md.

THE IVORY TOWER

(*Continued from p. 89*)

one is a very small minority, engaged in trying to make the majority pay most of the bills. But if corporations begin to give money to higher education in the sums dreamed about by college administrators, the government is going to feel the pinch. It will find itself short exactly that sum that it is being done out of in corporation and personal income taxes. It will proceed to get the money, either by raising taxes, or by declining to lower them. In short, there is no ultimately reliable way to parlay $300 into $1,000: the cost of financing higher education must be borne by those individuals who receive and profit from education, or else, like social security, unemployment compensation, old age pensions, agricultural subsidies and underdeveloped countries, higher education will be tossed into the great government kitty, there to be bullied, and bureaucratized, and regimented, and dispirited.

(*To be continued*)

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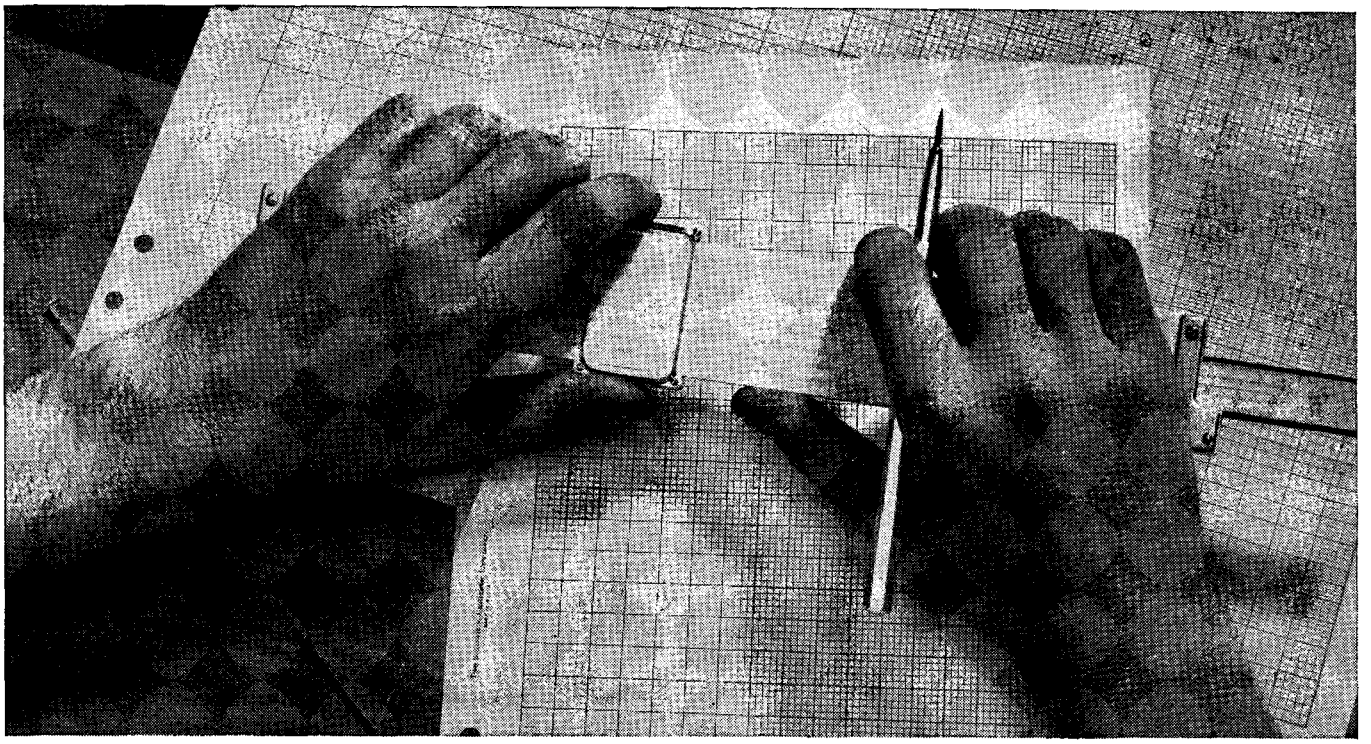

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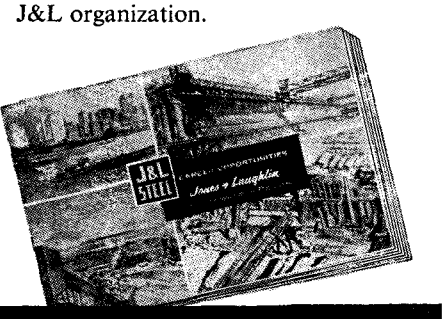

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